

## [Anywhere With You](#) by [Luddleston](#)

**Category:** Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types, Dragon Age: Inquisition

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Established Relationship, F/M, Gender Identity, M/M, Married Couple, Other, Vaginal Sex, genderfluid Amell

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Alistair (Dragon Age), Amell (Dragon Age)

**Relationships:** Alistair/Amell (Dragon Age), Alistair/Warden (Dragon Age)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2022-10-11

**Updated:** 2022-10-11

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 10:45:08

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,495

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Alistair travels to Crestwood, but he doesn't do it alone. With him is George, a fellow Warden, a regular man, and definitely not George Amell, Hero of Ferelden, why would you even ask that?

Gender exploration, a lot of camping, and trying to ignore the Calling.

## Anywhere With You

### Author's Note:

Heyo! This story features a whole lot of stuff about Gender. George Amell, featured in my previous series, uses any pronouns eventually, but is kind of just discovering that here, so Alistair switches things up in his narration depending on how he's thinking of George.

Will Amell belongs to Icky (Miraculan on AO3) and also features in my Carver fic! Icky is also writing some lovely Handers where Will is involved and she's great. It's never outright mentioned but Will is the Warden-Commander but George struck the killing blow on the Archdemon so they get the Hero of Ferelden title.

— *Crestwood* —

Crestwood was a disaster, but considering the disaster they were already on the heels of, a few bandits and a hideout in a cavern in the hills didn't feel too bad. The undead were worse, but they were far enough upwind now that you couldn't smell 'em.

"On the run, then, eh?"

The man who sat down beside Alistair had an enormous scar across the middle of his face and a fresh black eye, thanks to Alistair's own companion. He wasn't the leader of the bandits—that fellow, he said, was holed up in Caer Bronach, but he was the decision-maker for his own little group, which consisted of him, an elven man who sounded like he'd walked straight out of the Denerim alienage, and a weedy, quiet sort of man who wielded a longbow.

"Have been for a while, now," Alistair said. It was better to keep talking to people, keep his head clear.

These were, apparently, Alistair's new friends. Apparently they respected somebody who could beat them in a fight, and in exchange for their lives,

they promised not to threaten the people of Crestwood anymore, and offered Alistair and his companion some dinner.

Alistair wasn't certain how honest the promise not to mess with the locals was, but there was a downpour on, so it was difficult to do any hunting, and their rations were running low. A hot meal, plus the potential that they might convince the bandits to move on and leave this hiding place free for a couple of Wardens, was probably worth the guilt of letting some criminals go free.

"Some take to it better than others." Scar-Face (Alistair was mentally calling him this because he'd forgotten the man's actual name) sounded almost conciliatory. "Lightfoot over there seems to be in a better mood than you, eh?"

"Hm? Oh, George?" *Lightfoot*. He'd had to come up with that because George had wanted the blindingly obvious fake surname of the protagonist of *Hard in Hightown*. "Yeah, I think he just missed being on the road, you know? Stationed in Amaranthine for a good long while."

George was, in fact, brilliantly happy. Having shed the title, the responsibilities, and the acclaim of being Warden Amell, Hero of Ferelden, Captain of the Grey, George was enjoying all the minutia of life with a relish that made Alistair suddenly worry his other half had been terribly unhappy for several years. Even Warden-Commander Clarel's bullshit and the bloody *Calling* hadn't dampened George's mood entirely (although Alistair suspected there was some weariness hiding).

"City dwelling doesn't seem quite right for a fella like him," said Scar-Face.

"A fellow like what?" Alistair asked, watching as the elven man handed George a cup that was, no doubt, full of the terribly vinegary wine Alistair himself had been trying to drink for the last half hour.

"My good man, have you not *noticed*?"

Alistair carefully left his expression blank, and only then remembered to seem a little perplexed with the question. What had *they* noticed? That George was a mage? That George wasn't your usual sort of man? That George was a household name, a hero whose image was painted in at least one national gallery in Denerim?

Scar-Face shook his head, clapping Alistair on the shoulder. "All he wants is to be wherever you are," he said. "Looks at you like you raised the stars to the heavens."

Alistair felt a smile cross his face as he watched George swallow way too much of the shitty wine all at once, but give absolutely no visible reaction, to the surprise and delight of the bandits as a whole.

"Well," Alistair said. "That much is true."

— *Amaranthine, Five Months Ago* —

"I'm coming with you." George was standing firmly in Alistair's doorway, that is, until she stepped forward a bit and slammed the door shut with a finality even more severe than her words had been. "Will said I could."

Dammit, she'd gone over his head. Alistair should've known Warden-Commander Amell would do just about anything for her little sister, including letting her on a very dangerous mission for somebody of her level of acclaim. And, he had to admit, there was a niggling happiness in him because of it. If Alistair was going on a perilous investigation for an old friend who had intel from the new-born Inquisition about red lyrium cropping up... well, he wanted his partner by his side.

"Hang on, I've a list of reasons why you shouldn't, because I knew you'd say that," Alistair said, shifting past his letter from Hawke to find the quite literal list he'd written. "I mean, honestly, the most important one is that everybody from here to Halamshiral is going to recognize you."

"Disguise," George said.

"That's never going to work."

"Shush. What are the major things everybody in Ferelden knows about me?" She held up her fingers to tick each one off. "I'm a woman. I'm a mage. I'm a Warden-Captain. I'm tall, and have long hair and killing an archdemon made part of it turn white. I can change literally all those things."

"I don't think you can make yourself shorter," Alistair said.

"Yes, but if I'm a *man*, six feet doesn't seem so remarkably tall."

Alistair had always known George's relationship with her gender was apathetic at best. The fact that being female was the first of the attributes she'd mentioned stuck out as odd, because she didn't seem to care about that part of herself anywhere near as much as she cared about being a mage or being a Warden. The length of her hair was probably more important to her. All her formal titles were 'Ser' or 'Captain'. The only time anybody really referred to her with any sort of feminine title was in reference to her being Alistair's wife, and more frequently, people said Alistair was Warden-Captain Amell's husband.

Alistair usually called her '*sir*' in bed.

So, yeah, George could probably pull off that sort of a disguise. She was tall, and broad enough that nobody ought to question. *Dammit*. It was so simple a plan, but it may very well work, and Alistair was, as always, so desperate to have George by his side.

"Stop grinning like that," Alistair said.

"Like what?" George said, through a grin.

"Like you know I'm going to agree to it!"

"But you *are*. Because it's a good plan. Because nobody's gonna look twice at some man with a standard Warden blade in standard Warden armor. Come *on*, Alistair. Let me come with you. You know you want me by your side."

"I always want you by my side." Knowing he'd already given in, he wrapped his arms around her. "Always, always."

— — —

He had to admit, George was convincing like this.

Hair dyed all black and cut to just above the shoulder, wearing a standard Warden's armor (although tailored better, because Wade wouldn't let George leave the keep in something that wasn't perfectly fitted) with a standard Warden's blade at the hip. George being already very masculine, even so small a change would fool most eyes.

They tested it in the Keep first. Most of George's inner circle didn't take long to realize who Alistair's *friend* was, but they fooled Oghren until Nathaniel told him, and Varel didn't notice until they spoke, and he recognized George's voice. Will noticed immediately, but they'd never been trying to fool Will, who'd always been sharp as a Crow's blade and practically her sister's shadow. He'd have thought Will had suggested it, maybe, except that she was so engrossed with what had become their mission—to halt the progress of the taint and reverse the Calling.

While Alistair prepared for the journey, George went wandering around the recruits' area of the Keep, trying to see how many would recognize their own Captain.

George came back looking downright gleeful, a good sign that the disguise worked.

"How many caught you?" Alistair said.

"Not a one, until Presley opened his big mouth," George replied, already shucking off armor. "This shit's heavier than I'm used to, though. Give me a few days, I'll get accustomed, or I'll just look like a recruit green enough to not be used to holding up his own armor."

"So, only one, and he's a man you've trained personally? That's pretty good, actually."

"I *know*. I think a few of my other trainees would've caught on if they'd been given enough time, but Presley was the first to notice, and couldn't stop from saying something about it, because he's insufferable." George sat back on their bed, looking very self-pleased. "Will says, by the way, that this is 'just stupid enough to work'."

"All your best plans are." Alistair, unable to read over Hawke's information on red lyrium one more time (he could probably recite it from memory if he tried hard enough) finally closed his pack and took a seat next to George. "You... it's working for you. Even better than I thought it would."

"Oh?"

"Sure." He shrugged. "You look good like this. Like—you look *comfortable* like this. *Right*. You know?"

"I feel that way." George smiled wide enough to show the missing molar a darkspawn had knocked out a decade ago.

"George," Alistair said, taking a more in-depth study of George's face, the pure delight there. "Are you... is it that you're *dressed* like a man, or that you *are* a man?"

George stopped, mouth parted, like the question had come out of nowhere. And maybe it felt that way, but... sometimes Alistair wondered. He met a Warden girl who'd been born a man and he wondered. Velanna told him of a Dalish elf who didn't ally themselves to any specified gender, and he *wondered*.

"I don't know," George said. "Maybe. For a little bit, I could be. Is that odd? It's not something you try on, really, is it?"

"I don't think a lot of folk get the opportunity to," Alistair said. "But you could. If you want."

"Won't that be very... strange, on your part?" George settled a hand on his knee, and Alistair put his hand overtop, feeling all the cracks and nicks and scars on George's knuckles.

"No, I don't expect it will be. I was already planning on referring to you as a man whenever anybody else is around, it'll just be a matter of doing it in private, too. And not mucking it up. You'll tell me if I muck it up, right?"

"Well, yes, but..." A look of confusion made the bridge of George's nose wrinkle. "It's not going to be uncomfortable? For you to—? I'm your *wife*."

"We're already pretending that isn't the case," Alistair said, pressing his fingers against George's chest, where George's wedding band hung on a chain. "I'm not to call you my wife, or that would bring up a *lot* of suspicion."

"Right, but I'm still your partner," George said. "I didn't imagine we'd ignore *that* in private."

"Of *course* not!"

"Well, you're not—!" George made a frustrated little noise and then leaned forward, forehead pressed against Alistair's shoulder. "You're not that way about men. Not attracted to them."

"I've never really considered? But it's you, love." He wrapped his arms around George's shoulders. "I love you, whatever you call yourself—listen, if I wasn't alright with you maybe being a man sometimes, or even all the time, d'you think I'd be so eager to call you '*sir*' or let you fuck me up the —"

"Alright, yes, I know." George sighed. "I've never thought about this, either."

"For now, then? Nothing says you can't go back to being called a woman, later. After we get back here. But for right now... maybe be my husband, instead? If you want?"

George's head lifted, and a smile crossed his face. "You know what, I think I like the sound of that."

— *Crestwood* —



"Nice fellows, for bandits, don't you think?" George said, poking at the fire with a stick. The bandits had all gone on, and had indeed offered the use of their hideout to their new friends.

"Scar-Face was convinced you're madly in love with me," Alistair informed him, leaning halfway out the cave to dump out the rest of his wine, before trotting back in to join George at the fire.

"An astute man," George said, with what Alistair called his *'intellectually superior Circle mage nod'*.

Alistair laid out their bedroll while George watched the fire, and found himself strangely drawn to the taper of George's hairline down the nape of his neck, something that wasn't normally exposed when he was wearing his hair loose, as he often did nowadays. It was the damp that pulled his hair off his neck today.

"You know, I was thinking, if anybody came into this cave, you could just turn into a bear," Alistair said. "Scare them off."

"Right, because bears build campfires and lay out their armor," George said.

"Who's going to notice that when there's a *bear*?" Alistair replied, making a little grunt as he wriggled himself comfortable on the rolled-out furs and blankets. "They'll just be screaming, *'aaah, don't eat us, a bear!'*"

"You just want me to turn into a bear because then I'm warm and furry and you're chilly," George said.

"Maaaaaaybe."

"Move over, then."

George didn't turn into a bear, just clambered in beside Alistair. He'd cast a barrier at the mouth of the cave earlier, so Alistair wasn't too concerned about somebody just wandering in. Perks of traveling with a mage. Before lying down, George stripped out of his shirt, and the fitted undershirt he

wore beneath, which laced up the sides and smoothed his chest flatter than usual.

(When he'd first tried it on, he said he looked like Will. *"A woman so flat-chested you could skip her across the water like a stone."* Will said nobody would be skipping George across any ponds. He'd sink. Too heavy.)

Alistair ran his fingers up George's side and over his back, where the tighter-fitted garments pressed marks into his skin. George used to never wear an under-layer, and while this one wasn't too restrictive, given that he was a fighter, it had taken some time to get used to. His fingertips dipped further down, skipping over the years-old scars on George's ribs, the first time Alistair really feared for his fellow Warden's life.

George kissed him, and as ever, it made Alistair terribly glad he'd not gone at this alone. This familiar comfort was something he'd lived without for long periods of his life—while he was on the thaw hunts, while he was in Kirkwall, while missions separated them necessarily—but he hated giving it up.

Alistair curled his arm around George's waist, pulling him to sit astride his waist. George kissed him deeper, hands cupping and squeezing Alistair's chest, making him whine and try to lift into his touch.

He'd like to say that it was almost a decade's worth of marriage that made George so uniquely able to take him apart, but he'd be lying. George had been able to take him apart since the first.

Alistair, however, had learned plenty, and could give just as good as he got. He'd been worried he'd have to relearn something or another, but George had informed him, in very direct terms, that he wanted absolutely nothing about their sex to change.

*"Especially not the words you use for my bits,"* he'd said. *"Well, actually, if you wanted to add something to that repertoire, I wouldn't mind."* He'd then detailed exactly what he wanted Alistair to say, and it made him turn red.

One would think the fascination George found with normally-sweet-spoken Alistair saying dirty words would have worn off, but no, he still liked it.

“George, what do you want me to— *ah!*” He was cut off by freezing-cold fingers directly over his nipples. “Don’t *do* that—“

Frost on his fingertips was followed by fire in his mouth, a hot, *hot* tongue licking over Alistair’s ice-cold skin. He groaned, sagging back against the bedcovers.

“Don’t do what?” George asked.

“*Oh, Maker*, you terrible man. Do it again.”

His icy fingers parted Alistair’s lips and stroked his tongue—to pull on an old joke, this really *was* licking a lamppost in winter. The sensation was followed by the heat of his mouth, warm as a fresh cup of tea. Their kisses steamed. The temperature oscillated with every slow roll of George’s body against his.

“*Fuck*,” Alistair said, dazed in the way only George managed to make him. “Tell me where you want me, sir.”

Alistair’s thumb traced the bottom curve of George’s smile. “Pin me,” George said, “and I’ll let you eat my cunt.”

The shuddering weakness that coursed through his body had Alistair questioning that particular order. “Love, I don’t know I can pin you right now.”

“It’s alright,” he whispered, his voice scraping but sweet. “I’ll go easy on you, sweet boy.”

He did *not* go easy, but luckily, Alistair physically outweighed him. George still struggled underneath him like this was actually a sparring match he was trying to win, but Alistair knew his husband well enough to wedge his thigh between George’s legs. Soon as he pushed, George went completely boneless.

“Like that, my dear?”

“*Alistair.*”

“Tell me what you want,” Alistair said, cajoling him the same way George did whenever Alistair was overwhelmed beyond words.

George grabbed the collar of his shirt and yanked so hard the neckline dug in. “Down. Now.”

“You know, much as I like you calling me ‘*good boy*,’ sometimes your dirty talk really does resemble the way you command a mabari.”

“And *that* doesn’t resemble how you ought to be responding to my orders,” said George.

“I mean, yes sir.”

“Not quite.” George tugged on his hair.

“Right.”

George kicked out of his trousers, probably would have kneed Alistair in the face were it not for his quick reflexes. Battling darkspawn for a decade did earn you some skill, apparently.

They’d been walking all day, then fighting, then sitting around and drinking while their clothes dried out, so George probably *shouldn’t* have smelled amazing, but Alistair had a taste for him regardless. His hands kept combing through Alistair’s hair while Alistair licked open his sex. George’s fingers were deft and soothing, alternating prickly heat and shivery cold. It sent the strangest feeling shooting down Alistair’s spine, something like relaxation, except all the hair on the back of his neck stood on end. It was as if George turned Alistair’s spine into a tuning fork.

The way he smelled turned Alistair on, the way he *tasted* made Alistair moan. He was so, so incredible, but Alistair didn’t exactly have free use of his mouth to tell him so, not with George’s hand cupping the back of Alistair’s head and pressing Alistair more insistently against his cunt.

Words may have been beyond him, but Alistair could fuck two of his fingers into George, show him how amazing he was, how much pleasure he ought to have all the time.

He curled his fingers and he curled his tongue, and all around him was the sloppy sound of his mouth on George, and the soft hum of magic as George's hands wove sensation through him. George was close—he could feel the rush of fresh slickness on his tongue.

“Stop,” he said.

Alistair pulled back, wiping sticky slickness from his cheeks and his chin and his lips.

“I’m too tired to go another round and I wanna come with you in me,” George told him.

“*Shit*, alright.”

Alistair levered himself up, and George busied himself licking his own taste off Alistair's mouth. His hands were hot with the fire of his magic now, no chilly counterpoint.

“George, stop a second, it's hard to—you're bloody *distracting*, you are.” Once given a moment to breathe, Alistair could find his entrance blind. The problem lay in convincing George to give him a moment.

Alistair knew how to coerce him into enough of a pause. He pressed his teeth to George's collarbone—not hard enough to draw blood, but hard enough to mark and sting and make George freeze and gasp.

“*There we go*,” he said, finally pushing in, and *damn* it, that tight, hot squeeze was even better than magic, and George just kept—*oh. Fuck*. “Are you *already* coming?”

George grabbed his face and kissed him, his thighs squeezing Alistair's sides to keep him in close. It wasn't an answer, but the shuddering tension through his body was a definitive yes. Thank the *Maker* George liked it

hard while he came, because it'd be a trial of the ages for Alistair to stop himself from fucking him with all his strength.

The tension drained out of George and he sank back into the bedding, although he did squeeze his legs around Alistair's sides when Alistair tried to pull out. "Don't," he said. "Keep going."

"As you wish," Alistair said, duly pleased with the breathy noise he got out of George when he fucked in again. "You want me to come in you?"

George kissed him, a brief and desperate press of mouths. "Dunno what the fuck else you think you're doing in there."

"Don't tease me like that."

"How should I tease you, then?" George asked.

"Teeth," Alistair said, "and your nails."

George, because he was brilliant, ducked his head to nip Alistair's collarbone until they were even more a matched pair than usual, then added a few more blossoming red marks up his neck and jaw. It was more than they'd become accustomed to, but as the song in their minds grew louder, they needed something sharp, something painful, to distract themselves. George's fingernails raked over his shoulders and his biceps, drawing pink lines. All Alistair could hear, for this precious moment in time, was his own heartbeat in his ears and George's unsteady breath.

When he came, his forehead pressed to George's chest, it was almost as if he'd never heard the Calling at all.

He sat back, and George laughed. "You've got a dent here, now." He thumbed at what was no doubt a pressure mark in the middle of Alistair's forehead from the wedding ring George wore around his neck.

It was when they tried to sleep, that the song came back loudest. All other distractions slipped away and you couldn't get it out of your head. They

woke in the middle of the night and twined around one another again, made love to drown out the death-knell.

He'd go mad if he was alone, Alistair thought. Instead, they riled one another up to a frenzy that was very like madness, or maybe like a fight, or maybe like a way to work themselves to a tiredness so deep they could ignore the call of the Deep that threatened them both.

It was like that every night, for a while. They tried to work but fretted until one of them couldn't stand it, and they snapped at one another until one of them softened, said, "*it's louder for you today too, isn't it?*" and then they held one another like they could do something, anything, to burn away this dark wretchedness clawing at the insides of their minds.

— — —

Fighting red templars was shit—templars were already terrible to fight, and these abominations (and they were *abominations*, in the most literal sense) were worse. Fighting slavers was a welcome reprieve.

These men, unlike the bandits, were not given a chance to say they'd stop terrorizing people, and Alistair knew it from the moment George saw their stupid logo painted on the outside of the wall. A fight in a cave is fun, an easy chokepoint. Plus, they were concealed enough that George could use magic if he wanted, stopping the bastards in place with crushing force magic that puts so much pressure on them, they were half-dead by the time the spell released.

Alistair would *not* want to go up against his husband in a fight.

They cleared out the bodies, because nobody wants to sleep with a corpse on the other side of the door, and then inspected the hideout they were apparently commandeering. While Alistair did some studying of whatever records he'd been able to sneak out of Orlais on the death of archdemons, in case Corephus' immortality was the same, George reviewed the slavers' records and determined the quickest way to take down their entire operation.

They worked mostly in silence for a while, which was a problem.

"Don't *you* start humming it, too, love," Alistair said, when he caught George doing it absent-mindedly, like how he'd hum bars of Leliana's songs that got stuck in his head.

"Shit." George dropped his papers. "I didn't realize I was doing it. Alistair—we might be on a tighter time limit for this than we thought."

George had always worn his emotions on his face with relative ease. Being such an accomplished warrior, though, very few things scared him enough to bring tears to his eyes. This, it seemed, was the one.

Alistair dropped his own work and crossed the cavern, kneeling in front of the chair George sat in, taking both his hands. "Hey. It's alright. You *know* we work well on world-ending odds."

"I know, but fighting an archdemon is quick. I hate slowly walking toward death."

"We won't die." He tipped his head up so George could press their foreheads together. "We'll be alright."

If he kept repeating it, maybe one of them would start to believe it was true.

— — —

"Someone's coming," Alistair said, going for his sword and then for the spot out of eye-line of the door.

George, sharp and immediately responsive, took up his own blade and the opposite flank.

It was a woman, average in every way except that she didn't even flinch as she found herself at Alistair's swordpoint. She held a staff but was armored—lightly so, but still, it was more than a mage typically wore.



"Hold, it's only me." This was a familiar voice. Garrett Hawke, barely visible behind the woman, his own hand raised in a gesture of peace and the red crystal atop his staff gleaming in the lantern-light.

When Alistair lowered his sword and stepped back, their little hideaway got even more crowded. Varric Tethras, a Warden Alistair didn't recognize, and the biggest Qunari Alistair had ever seen in his *life* all entered the chamber, the Qunari ducking so he didn't scrape his horns on the low doorframe.

The woman at the head of the party gave her attention to George for only a moment. "I thought you traveled alone," she said to Alistair.

"Oh—not entirely so," Alistair said. "This is my companion, a fellow Warden. He's called George."

"Is he, now," Hawke said, his articulated gauntlet clicking as he settled a hand on his hip.

"Indeed," George said. "It's a pleasure. You must be the Inquisition."

### **Author's Note:**

If you want to see whatever Dragon Age Nonsense I'm doing, visit my tumblr [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to experience me being a nerd about classics, visit me on Twitter [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to see all that but horny, I invite you to my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut](#)